

AN: It's time for another episode of everyone's favourite Friday night comedy: *Cheese!* Enjoy, folks!

Cheese

Labour

Scene One – Apartment

(The door flies open. TPYMK storms in, waving a piece of paper in the air.)

TPYMK: I don't believe it!

(Greg is sat at the kitchen table, pouring some cereal into a bowl. He then picks up a can of beer and empties its contents into the bowl. He starts to eat it with a spoon.)

GREG: Yummy!

(Dan is sat next to Greg, eating from his own bowl of cereal. He stares at TPYMK in confusion.)

DAN: What's wrong?

TPYMK: You *know* exactly what's wrong, Dan!

(TPYMK sits down opposite Greg, staring at the piece of paper in despair.)

They rejected my sitcom proposal!

DAN: Oh, that's so sad. What was the idea?

TPYMK: It involved us living in an apartment and getting up to various insane antics.

(Greg stares at TPYMK incredulously.)

GREG: Now, who would ever go for an idea like that? It's about as funny as a man with no beer.

(Greg sniffles, wiping a tear from his eye.)

In fact, that's quite a sad thought, actually...

DAN: What did they say about your idea?

TPYMK: They said that it was vile, unpleasant, ridiculous, unfunny, and belongs on an unpopular forum.

(Greg nods.)

GREG: That sounds about right.

DAN: Ah, well. Better luck next time, eh?

GREG: You've said that two thousand times now. I don't like to speak very bluntly, but that pathetic, blotchy walrus of a man is never going to make a success of his ideas. It's about as likely as me turning sober.

TPYMK: Don't you insult me like that, you vast slug!

GREG: And who's gonna stop me, Mr Ideas-That-Sink-Like-A-Ship?

DAN: I have to say that he hasn't been doing very well... In fact, it's shameful. You're not honouring your royal prince very well, ThatPersonYouMightKnow. You should be punished. A day in the stocks for a week!

TPYMK: Dan?

DAN: Yes?

(TPYMK smashes Dan's face into his cereal, knocking him out.)

TPYMK: That's all. Now, Greg, I think it's about time that we came to an important moral decision.

(Greg stares at TPYMK in excitement.)

GREG: You're gonna kill yourself?

TPYMK: What? No.

GREG: Oh...

(Greg looks disappointed.)

Damn!

TPYMK: I'm talking about our monetary issues.

GREG: What about them?

TPYMK: I had the rent bill for this morning.

GREG: Yeah. And?

TPYMK: We owe them...

(TPYMK gasps dramatically.)

A penny!

(Greg starts screaming at the top of his voice.)

GREG: *Oh, my God!*

TPYMK: Greg – calm down!

(Greg continues to scream. TPYMK punches him in the face a few times, shutting him up. He looks around in confusion.)

GREG: Come in?

TPYMK: Greg, stop it! We need to figure out this problem before it's too late! Or then we'll lose our wonderful apartment and be forced to live on the streets! Like children! No – like *babies*!

GREG: Well, that's not so bad. Lying on your back with a bottle in your mouth? That's paradise to me!

(Dan suddenly awakens, cutting in on the conversation.)

DAN: I'll let you two know right now that I refuse to be associated with peasants!

TPYMK: Oh, we know, Your Highness.

GREG: Well, he has less highness than last week – he was pretty high then!

TPYMK: Greg, shut up!

(TPYMK looks down in thought.)

Now, we need to think of a devious, entertaining plan that will just about fill up the space of an episode.

GREG: I know exactly what we can do!

TPYMK: What?

GREG: We could become beer testers! We get to drink as much as we like – and then get some money for it!

TPYMK: No, Greg. I don't drink. Besides, last time you drained that entire brewery dry. They had to go into bankruptcy.

DAN: So that's out of the question, then. What else can we do to earn money?

TPYMK: Well... we could always get... a *proper* job.

(Greg and Dan both gasp.)

DAN: A *proper* job?

(Greg is shaking in fear.)

GREG: No! It's not possible! It's illegal!

TPYMK: I know – it's such a horrible thing to say. But what other choice do we have? If we can't come up with that penny by tomorrow, then we'll be out on the streets!

DAN: How could they possibly expect us to part with such a huge amount of currency? My treasure trove is going to be empty by the end of today...

TPYMK: What, you mean your collection of princess outfits?

(Dan blushes.)

DAN: I told you not to mention that to anyone!

GREG: Don't worry, Dan – I dress up like an idiot, too.

DAN: You do?

GREG: Yeah. Well, look at me now.

(He points to himself.)

It speaks for itself, really.

TPYMK: I think we're missing the point here. There's no darting around it: we have to get a job. This is the 40s, after all – employment is all the rage. Now, let's see...

(TPYMK picks up a newspaper called *The Daily Blah*, opening it up to look at the jobs section.)

Here we are: The Section for Sad Old Sausages Who Can't Be Bothered to Do Anything. Just what we're looking for!

GREG: So what's in there? I wouldn't mind working in advertising.

TPYMK: Oh, really? That's interesting.

GREG: Yeah – I'd play a large bottle of vodka. Now *that's* the way to be a method actor!

(TPYMK sighs.)

TPYMK: Greg, stand up.

GREG: Okay.

(Greg stands up, as does TPYMK.)

TPYMK: Now, this is going to hurt you a lot more than it's going to hurt me.

GREG: I thought so.

(TPYMK picks up a pencil from the table, and shoves it hard up Greg's nose. The drunk blinks in pain and bewilderment.)

That's quite a strong shot.

(Greg collapses to the floor, unconscious.)

DAN: Hey – look at this!

(Dan is now reading the newspaper. TPYMK hurries over to him.)

TPYMK: What is it?

DAN: There's a job opening – I think it's just for us! Listen to this: "Are you a sad pathetic waste of oxygen with a rent bill to pay? If so, then Eoin's Excellent Emporium is the place for you! We'll set you up with a job in no time at all. We have to – it's in the script!"

(Dan lowers the newspaper. TPYMK smiles.)

TPYMK: Wow – how convenient! We should get down there right now! I'll get the car keys!

Scene Two – Outside Shop

(TPYMK and Dan are pushing a wheelbarrow down the road. Greg is sitting inside, still passed out.)

TPYMK: Does this thing go any faster?

DAN: Well, you bought it!

TPYMK: It was cheap!

DAN: How cheap?

TPYMK: It was free – I stole it from someone's garage.

DAN: Look – here we are!

(They stop just outside a normal-looking shop. A big sign proclaims it as, 'Eoin's Excellent Emporium'.)

TPYMK: Great! Just need to lock the car...

(TPYMK takes a key out of his pocket, pressing a button on it. A little yellow light flickers on the wheelbarrow.)

There we go!

(He looks up at the shop in awe.)

This is it, Dan. Untold riches! I think the corporate world is where we belong.

DAN: Yeah! You'd better wake up Greg first, though.

TPYMK: Of course.

(TPYMK pats Greg gently on the head.)

Greg – wake up.

(He pats him harder.)

Greg! Greg!

(He starts slapping him across the face.)

Greg! Greg! Greg!

(Greg doesn't respond. TPYMK comes up with an idea.)

That's it!

(He picks up a metal baseball bat from the ground and starts whacking Greg over the head with it. He's hitting him so hard that the bat bends in half. Greg merely giggles.)

GREG: Take it easy, Sarafina – we've got all night!

TPYMK: Oh, forget it!

(TPYMK discards the bat, turning to Dan.)

Come on, Dan – forget about him. We'll just earn massive bags of cash all by ourselves!

DAN: If you say so.

(The two head inside the shop.)

Scene Three – Eoin's Excellent Emporium

(The shop is filled with metal shelves, each containing various items of food. TPYMK and Dan enter, walking over to the counter at the front. No one is there, though.)

TPYMK: Hello? Hello!

(He notices a bell on the counter. He presses it. *Ding!*)

DAN: I can't see anyone—

(A man suddenly pops up from beneath the counter, holding a plushie of Nala.)

LOONEY: Um... hello.

(TPYMK stares at the plushie in confusion.)

TPYMK: What are you doing with that?

(Looney immediately drops the plushie, smiling innocently.)

LOONEY: Nothing. Anyway, it's lovely to see you two here. I'm Looney.

TPYMK: Yes – you are, aren't you? Damn lunatics... They keep unleashing them all the time!

DAN: Are you in charge around here?

LOONEY: Me? Oh, no – I'm just a worthless slave. My real boss is Mr Eoin. I'll get him now.

(Looney turns around.)

Mr Eoin?

EOIN: Yes?

(TPYMK and Dan scream, realising that a smartly dressed man in a suit is stood right behind them. This is Eoin.)

LOONEY: Oh, there you are. I think your new recruits are here.

EOIN: I can see that.

(Eoin stares at the two.)

I hope you two are willing to work for next to nothing. You will be shedding blood, sweat and tears while you're on this job!

TPYMK: Don't worry – we do that, anyway. Our lives are so miserable, you see.

EOIN: You will speak when spoken to.

TPYMK: But you *were* speaking to me—

EOIN: Silence!

(Eoin kicks TPYMK in the groin. He squeaks like a mouse, crumpling to the floor.)

DAN: Hey – that wasn't very nice!

EOIN: Be quiet, slave! I think it's about time that you two got to work! How do you feel about scrubbing toilets with only your own toothbrushes as cleaning implements?

GREG: That sounds like just my job!

(Eoin turns to see Greg staggering into the shop.)

EOIN: Who the hell are you? I don't allow drunks into this shop!

GREG: I'm not a drunk – I'm an alcohol addict. Two completely different things. Now, what was it you said about cleaning toilets?

EOIN: It's the most important job here at Eoin's Excellent Emporium! Everything must be kept clean and up to code.

GREG: You don't need to worry – I have plenty of experience with toilets.

EOIN: Is that so?

GREG: Yeah – I've been throwing up into them for half of my life. Shouldn't be too much of a problem.

EOIN: You seem like a very competent worker.

GREG: Thank you. It's rare that I hear a compliment like that. No one ever understands me.

EOIN: Why's that?

GREG: Because I'm too drunk to talk most of the time.

(TPYMK slowly climbs to his feet, wincing in pain.)

TPYMK: I... I think I'm okay.

(Eoin punches him in the face, knocking him onto his back. He turns to Greg.)

EOIN: You'll find the toilets through that door over there. I don't want a spot of grime on them by the end of today!

GREG: Certainly!

(Greg stumbles away, stepping on TPYMK's groin in the process. He falls unconscious again.)

DAN: So, what will we be doing?

(Eoin points at the side of the shop.)

EOIN: There's a pile of food over there. Stack it on the shelves.

DAN: Yes, sir!

EOIN: Don't suck up to me.

(Eoin kicks Dan in the stomach, sending him flying into a glass cabinet containing several gems. It smashes to pieces.)

Now, get to work!

(Dan nods wearily.)

DAN: Yes, sir...

(Looney looks at Eoin.)

LOONEY: What about me, sir?

(Eoin pulls a small ball out of his pocket. He throws it across the shop.)

EOIN: Fetch, boy!

(Looney hops over the counter and bounds after the ball, barking like a dog.)

Six Hours Later...

(Dan lets out a huge sigh as he stacks a box of soup on one of the shelves.)

DAN: Phew! That's the first item done! What's next?

(TPYMK is stood next to the pile of food at the side of the shop.)

TPYMK: I don't know... I'm still having trouble breathing after being kicked in the groin one too many times.

DAN: I wonder how Greg is doing?

Scene Four – Toilets

(Greg is bent down over one of the toilets, slurping up the water with a straw. He finishes his drink, smiling.)

GREG: Now *that's* what I call a cocktail! Toilet cleaner and toiler water. It never fails to bring a smile to my face!

(He frowns.)

Not sure why it was salty, though... or why it was yellow.

(Greg shrugs, walking over to one of the sinks. He rips off one of the faucets and takes a bite out of it. Water spurts from the broken pipes.)

Not a bad appetiser, either. This toilet has stuff going for it!

(A mirror is placed on the wall above the sink.)

Time to check out how handsome I look...

(Greg stares at his reflection. The mirror instantly cracks into a million pieces. He grins.)

I'm still a handsome devil!

(Greg laughs as he leaves the toilets. He doesn't see the water spilling over onto the floor...)

Scene Five – Eoin's Excellent Emporium

(TPYMK and Dan finish stacking food on the shelves.)

TPYMK: And that's the last one!

DAN: Yeah – only took us six days.

TPYMK: Not bad at all.

LOONEY: Just... one... more...

(Looney is busy at the end of one aisle with a huge pile of cans. He's placing the last one on top.)

There! I've been trying to finish this pile for three years now!

GREG: Hey, guys!

(Greg stumbles in from a doorway, crashing right into the pile. The cans clatter and roll across the floor. Looney stares at him for a moment, and then faints.)

TPYMK: Greg! Look what you've done!

(TPYMK and Dan rush over to the drunk.)

GREG: Knocked over a few cans? That's nothing – you should see me knocking over bottles! Anyway, I might as well drink some!

(Greg picks up one of the cans – but drops it in disgust.)

Eww!

DAN: What's wrong?

GREG: It's Coke! Disgusting! There's only one type of coke that I take, and it certainly isn't that!

TPYMK: Greg, please tell me you cleaned the toilets!

GREG: Certainly did, amigo!

TPYMK: Oh, thank God for that. Mr Eoin will be back any minute now. You know how angry he'll get if he finds out that we haven't done any work!

DAN: I'm sure he'll be pleased.

TPYMK: Indeed. And then we can collect our huge wads of cash and finally— *Holy Jehovah!*

DAN: What?

(TPYMK points at the toilet doorway. Water is pouring out from underneath the door.)

TPYMK: The toilets are flooding! Who did that?

(Greg belches. TPYMK glares at him.)

I should have known.

GREG: What, that you're a loser?

TPYMK: Greg, how could you flood the toilets?

GREG: Well, excuse me for wanting a little snack.

DAN: What did you eat?

GREG: The sink.

(TPYMK looks down in despair. The water has flooded the entire shop. They're up to their ankles in the stuff.)

TPYMK: Mr Eoin is going to *kill* us!

DAN: Look, don't panic. Maybe we can clean all of this up before he—

(The shop door opens. Eoin steps in.)

EOIN: I hope you slimy cretins have been hard at work!

(Eoin notices that the shop has flooded.)

What on earth have you done, you brainless mud puddles?

(Greg smiles innocently at Mr Eoin.)

GREG: Don't worry, Mr Eoin. There's a perfectly reasonable explanation for this!

(Greg leans against one of the shelves.)

TPYMK: Greg – no!

(But it's too late. The entire shelf falls over, creating a domino effect that causes all the other shelves to collapse, too. The entire shop is

ruined.)

EOIN: You... you...

(Eoin is speechless. Greg shrugs, smiling as he walks past Eoin, patting him on the shoulder.)

GREG: Never mind, Mr Eoin. It happens.

(Greg leaves through the door.)

Time for a few hundred pints, I think...

(TPYMK and Dan are left on their own with Eoin, who is glaring at them with uncontrollable rage.)

TPYMK: Now, Mr Eoin, don't take it out on us.

DAN: Yeah – it wasn't our fault!

(Eoin snorts like a bull, charging at the two with full force.

TPYMK and Dan scream in terror.)

Scene Six – Apartment

(Greg is sat on the sofa, watching the TV while drinking a glass of beer.)

GREG: They show such great programming these days!

(The TV is showing nothing but crackling static.)

Who says TV is boring, eh?

(The door flies open. TPYMK and Dan walk in. They're both covered in cuts and bruises.)

TPYMK: Greg!

GREG: Guys – you're alive!

TPYMK: The amount of pain that we're in would suggest so!

GREG: What happened?

TPYMK: Well, naturally, we lost our jobs – and now we have to pay eight thousand dollars in damages!

GREG: Oh, dear. Anything I can do to help? I've got thirty-six cases of

Budweiser upstairs – that should last us for a few hours.

DAN: I was thinking of something else. What about you, ThatPersonYouMightKnow?

TPYMK: Yeah. Something else.

GREG: What do you mean?

TPYMK: Dan, pass me the sledgehammer.

(Dan hands TPYMK a sledgehammer.)

GREG: Well, this is quite a hallucination.

TPYMK: You'll be seeing a lot more than stars after this. Goodnight, Greg!

(TPYMK swings the sledgehammer, hitting Greg right in the groin.)

The End

AN: Ooh... that didn't sound too pleasant. I like the idea of Eoin as a mad and controlling boss. We might see more of him in the future. And Looney, too. Shame about his pile of cans... but destruction is guaranteed with our three miscreants around! See you in the next episode!